

## [Hospital Story]

[????] 19

JUN 19 1939

FOLKLORE

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NEW YORK Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Weinstock

ADDRESS 43 Morton

DATE May 22

SUBJECT Hospital Story

1. Date and time of interview May 17
2. Place of interview Hospital in New York
3. Name and address of informant Interne
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

## Library of Congress

Arnold Mannoff

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

Interne's room.

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NEW YORK

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Weinstock

ADDRESS 43 Morton

DATE May 22

SUBJECT Hospital Story

THE LUNG ABSCESS

Efficient! They're so efficient in this hospital, if you're a ward patient they'll give you an appendectomy while you're taking a sitz bath. For instance last month, they were making grand rounds on Ward 15, all the big shots mulling over the cases, it's this, no it's that, it's my opinion Dr. Frank, on the other hand Dr. Schmanzer, and the internes trying to keep themselves from falling asleep on the nurses' shoulders.

Well they're going around shaking their heads when somebody notices the lung abscess in bed 24 is gone. The nurses can't believe their eyes, they look again and again. No lung abscess. A fine fix. By this time the boys are up to bed 10 and the staff's getting panicky.

## Library of Congress

They send the nurses out to find the abscess at all cost, even if he's put himself on ice (morgue). The girls are running all over the building looking for that stinker who's making Christ knows what trouble for them, a guy who's supposed to be breathing his last flat on his back under the auspices of St. Vitus, and here he's most likely flying through the halls yelling for a water bottle.

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All of a sudden Smitty who's been looking through the cans on the fifth floor sees the lung abscess coming along on a table spitting blood into a cup with a nurse holding his hand as if he was her war hero. She runs over. What's happened? He had his tonsils removed. This idiot got out of bed to take a piss because he couldn't wait a minute for someone to bring him a bottle. First class service or he don't pay. He walks all over the building too dumb to ask for a can until he sees a line of patients all in bathrobes. He doesn't know they're all T and A's and figures they're waiting to take a piss like him. So there he stands for about half an hour talking with the tonsils and adenoids about the nurses' bosoms and the wonderful food, never thinking that it's taking a pretty long time for them to go to the can. All of a sudden he's at the head of the line. They grab him at the door, lift him on the table, [?] open his yap and scare him so much that he can't say a word. In one minute, half a minute, 15 seconds, they give him the works, snip, snip in the famous St. Vitus manner, and there he is ready to go back to the T and A ward where he doesn't belong. And do you think that guy's dead? A champion like that is too dumb to croak. That's how efficient this place is.